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**∜PACIDO** 

Author of "Under Two Flags," "Two Little Wooden Shoes," "Chandos," "Don Gesnaldo," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXXII.

The next day Aubrey left Ladysrood, and Guilderoy went to Paris for a week; at the end of the week their first circle of second week there were to come to them some royal personages, and with them the Duchess Soria.

Gladys had five days of quiet and rural to wear. was more tedious to her even than London; her time still less her own, her patience and courtesy still more severely resting, a camisole de force never laid aside, a formula incessantly upon the lips, a conventional imposture never abanthe weight of her jewels and the length of tion, and veiled indecencies, and masked innuendo!-so she thought a hundred times a week in it.

Older women, women either colder in their affections or warmer in their passions, could find interest and excitament in its intrigues, and its conflicting and contrasting interests; they could move in it as in a labyrinth of which they had the silken clew; they could play in it like movers of pawns and knights at chess.

But she could not find that distraction and compensation. There was something in her of her father's distaste for the hurry, the excitation, the falsity, the intrigue, and the incidents, trivial and serious, which make up the interest of modern society; they had no power to attract and

In these few days preceding the arrival of her husband and her guests she was soothed and strengthened by the quiet country amosphere, in that homeliness and tranquility which had been about her from the cradie. When she was with her father self-sacrifice and fortitude seemed still possible. In the feverishness of the world she lost her hold on them. He tried to make her see that there was nothing new in what she suffered from; nothing more than was usual and inevitable. He tried to imbue her with that tolcould add little that was new to what be | was! had said when she had before consulted. Her father looked at her with infinite him; but that little he strove to put be- pain. fore her with sympathy and pity, though

the flower of a day, appears a dreary creed | you knew of life then, you still knew which lays the whole world barren.

"My dear child," said Vernon, "you | him." for what he cannot get and beats the grateful for his gifts and his position than hand which tries to soothe him." She smiled but sadiv.

"My dear, I only speak thus of my own sex in their passions," he continued. "There are other things in life besides its passions, though I admit that there are none which color it so deeply, or so infuse | entail. into it, irrevocably, bitterness or sweetness. But there are other things; it is in these other things that you should find your ailies. Guilderoy is a man whose whole life should not be squandered in falling in love and falling out of love. He has posi-\*tion, opportunity, talent; he should have as time goes on some other aim than breaking the hearts of women, whether your heart or those of others. It is with that side of his life that your alliance, your efforts, your interests should be. Cannot you see that?"

"I cannot see what does not exist," said Gladys coldly. "He has no other object in life than his own pleasure. He says it is the only wise philosophy. I suppose it is, when you are rich enough to carry it

"It is the Epicurean; but what joy will there be in that without youth? He forgets he makes no provision for age." She was silent; age to her seemed so far in her eyes; her whole soul was concen-

trated in her present. Her father looked at her. There were regret, anxiety, disquietude in the regard. "Gladys," he said abruptly, "he told me once that he thought you were cold. You are not so. Far from it. How have you

given such an idea of you to a man who your husband?" She pulled some little branches of the sweetbrier hedge to her nervously. She

have failed to respond to him in some | ache on a winter's day. By what you tell

heart away from his gaze? Will you not | he construes his liberty with a man's lib-Her head was turned from him and her voice trembled as she replied: "I so soon | neglected, and too quick to repudiate your

saw that he cared so little." Everything seemed to her to be told in

"Are you sure that was not your fancy?" "Quite sure."

"Even when you spoke to me that first day after your return four years ago? You | sonal affronts and suspicions, you are not remember?" 'Vest even then.'

She sighed impetuously. poid a great price for me and he regretted or the hotel Drouot, and it falls to him.

The picture has never been painted which Could satisfy him when he gets it home!" all mortals, that 'life is a series of Vernon echoed her sigh. It seemed to Do not let me lose you, at least." him hopeless to change a state of feeling built on caprice and on indifference; on a temperament as shifting as the sands, and a discontent grown out of self-indulgence. He looked at his daughter with irrepressi-

she had run along by that sweetbrier man; a jealous and almost deserted wife!

Gladys sighed wearily. her feet in the library of Ladysrood with the Horse on her knee and the sunlight through the painted panes falling on his handsome head, had seemed to her lover, knight, and here all in one. And what had she found him? Only a master, negligent yet exacting; indifferent yet arbitrary; restless, hard to please, and quite impossible to content; who took his infinite social and personal charms elseguests would arrive; at the end of the | where; who spent his time and his passions with others, and who considered that he had fulfilled all the obligations of his position to her when he had given her this houses to direct and his family lewels

solitude before her. She spent them almost entirely with her father. When his own thoughts, silently answering her the colonies, whom he had no comthe great house was filled, the life in it own stience; "you make the common mistake of all women. You think that the gitt of yourself gives you claim to the cannot. I know this seems harsh to you, taxed. Whatever society might be to and cruel. But it is the law of sex. Here have ever heard of," said thi New Zealand others, to her it seemed a treadmill never and there are a mes d'elite, who suffice Diogenes in his testament. wholly and solely, physically and mentally, to each other; but they have not met early in life, and they have not married each other. Where marrige is hosdoned for a moment. She was a child tile to love, is that it substitutes material still at heart, and all its ceremonies and gifts of worldly goods, worldly advanetiquette and precedence were to her as | tages, worldly positions, gifts of houses and money and land, for the sweet, sponher train has been to her at her first day tions. In savage races the man can treat taneous gifts of the passions and the affecat court. Ob, for one cri du cœur in the his wife how he will, because he has given midst of all those polished murmurs of so many ponies or cattle, or buffalo skins compliment and calumny, and dissimula- for her. In civilized life he feels, in the same way, that he has paid for her in material matters, and so is absolved from other and more spiritual payment. There is something to be said for the man's views, only where is the woman who will

ever perceive or admit it?" But all this he could not say to her. "If you have living children you will be happier," he said aloud as the only suggested consolation of what he could think. Her face flushed, and she rose and pulled the shoots of the sweetbrier im-

petuously off their stalks. "I shall never have children," she said in a low and sullen voice. "Do you suppose that I would live with him-without his love-only because he wishes for legitimate offspring? Cannot you understand? I have made him know that ever since-ever since-I first felt that he did not care for me."

"And he accepts the position?" "When I tell you that he does not care?

The color burned in her cheeks: a dark cloud of anger hung over the fairness of

continued; "worken who go on bearing | children year after year to men whom they know care nothing for them, but they must be without spirit or senses, or digeration and indulgence which it is the | nity or delicacy; they must be the wretchhardest of all trials to attain in youth. He | ed beasts of burden that your Griseldis

"It is worse than I thought," he said its philosophic reasoning seemed very briefly. "I do not know how far he may be to blame-he has never epened his To the imagination which pictures and | heart to me, and I cannot judge -but I the heart which craves, richer, fuller, I do not think that you cherish 'the -picit more complete joys than human passion | which can bring happiness either to you and human possessions can ever bestow, or him. And I do not think that you the assurance that such perfection is but a | have any right to refuse that natural burdream, and that the passions can only be | den of maternity, which, however little

would be your portion if you married have only found what most women who | "The moment that he has ceased to love know much about men do find-that the | me, he has set me free from all such obliman they love is seldom either Achilles | gations," she said passionately. "My litor Hector, Sydney or Montrose, either | the children lie in their graves. When I heroic or idealic, but is generally rather | shall lie with them he can have others by like a sick and fractious child who cries | some other woman, who will be more

> am. "You pain me, Gladys," said Vernon, with a sigh,

> "I cannot help it," she replied, seifish with that concentration of self which the sufferings of the heart and passions always

> "When I am with you," she said with the tears rising to her eyes, "I am in much what I used to be. I feel your influence. I believe as you believe in the power of self-sacrifice and patience. But I leave all the good you do me within this little gate. I cannot carry it out into the world. There I am only foolish, jealous, embittered, made cold or made wicked, one hour this, one hour that. In the world I see that women who are forsaken find consolation? Why should I not find it if I can? One of your classic writers says somewhere that a woman has always one power of vengeance. Sometimes I feel that I will try and reach his pride with that, since I can touch in no better way his heart."

at war within her, and he was at once too think yours distressingly wasted on pleasmerciful and too wise to meet them with | ure. Which of the three of us is most the empty conventional arguments of | right?" what is called in the world morality. He off that it was without shape or meaning | believed, like Aubrey, that it is only by | unwise to judge of, and for others." the affections that women can or should

'Graviors quædam sunt remedia periculis." We cannot wound what we love without wounding ourselves more profoundly still; and to dishonor ourselves because we feel ourselves humiliated seems to me the act of madness; it would be as wise to cut our "How!" repeated her father. You must | throats because the cold makes our bands way? You must have disappointed him | me, you have set free your husband by at some time? You must have shut your | your own choice; you cannot complain if eral and loose reading of the word. You have been too quick to consider yourself own obligations. You have beauty, you have youth, and you have the honor of the man you love, or have loved, in your hands. If, with all this, you can obtain no influence on him, and cannot rise to a higher level than that of your own perwhat I thought you; and all the care and | her those true charms-sympathy and the culture I have given to you, and all the She sighed impetuously.

"Even then," she repeated. "He had little degree wiser and kinder than other about one of her sons, but in reality for the price-just as he does again and again | so will be the crowning disappointment of when he bids for a picture at Christie's, | my life, which has been neither so tran- | she hesitated a moment, and then said :quil nor so contented as others think it. For I am mortal, and I have found, like mon object and desire, the happiness of all mortals, that 'life is a series of losses.'

She was touched to the quick if she was not convinced. The tears fell upon her father's hand as she kissed it.

But she promised nothing. "Do not let us talk any more of this," said Vernon. "Feeling loses its force and

bedge in the sunshine, no taller than itself, dead. I believe: you will always live me, and tell it quickly." a happy, careless, fair-haired child, tresh | your own life in such wise as I should as a "rose washed in a shower." And she was here—a great lady, an unhappy wo- would dishonor me; you will remember "Never." that. Let us go down to the shore. He had foreseen it all himself, but his | Nothing soothes one like the sound of the past prescience of it made its sorrow none | sea. Who has been mistaken enough to say that nature was not loved in classic eyes? Why, all Greek and Latin verse is Like all persons of poetic and ardent | full of it, from the roar of the waves in | mind her ideals in youth had been high | Homer to the chaunt of the grasshopper | and romantic; the man who had knelt at | in Meleager, and the birds singing in the

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Vernon was seated a few days later in the wicker chair of his garden, with a volume of Terence on his knee, and the dog at his feet, when the old woman in cotton kirtle and coal-scuttle bonnet who served as letter-carrier for some twelve miles round, brought him a packet of publishers' letters, and newspapers, and pamphlets, and one other letter in a hand unknown to him, and inclosed in the thick blue paper which usually bespeaks a legal correspondence. When he read it he found himself the master of a modest munication from for twenty years, and of whom he had scarcely ever known any-thing, had died childless, and had left him man's eternal affections. It does not. It the proceeds of a long life of sheep-farm-

Diogenes in his testament. letter of these lawyers, who were total strangers to him, moved him to a mingled emotion. He could not but be thankful that his future years, brief as they might be, would be freed from the atree came of reliance on precarious literary labors; but his heart ached that this good news had not come earlier. A reluctant consent had been wrung from him to Gladys' marriage, principally because he knew that the state of his health might any day leave her without a protector, and that he had not means to bequeath to her any ease or elegance of life. This knowledge had made him conscious that he had no right to stand between his daughter and the brilliant and secure position offered to her, from mere romantic apprehensions which the future might realize. But if this little fortune had come to him before the visit of Guilderov, he would not have hesitated to place the test of long probation betwixt him and his desires. Alas! when fortune stretches out full hands, it is so often too late for her gifts to be of much use. Still he was thankful, as he sat in the pale sunshine anadst the honeysuckle and

sweetbrier of his cottage porch. He loved learning with all a scholar's tender and delicate devotion, and it had often seemed to him almost a prostitution of it to turn his command of its treasures into a means of making money. A sentimentality the world would have called it, as it always calls every better emotion

As he sat thus he heard the rapid trot of horses' feet coming up the shady lane, sunk low between high flowering hedges "One sees it in the world, I know," she and banks which were in spring purple

"Some one from Ladysrood," he thought. Ladysrood had become full of guests, and Vernon never consented to go there when there was a house party; he pleaded utter disuse of society, and distaste for it; and, indeed, few of the associates of Guilderov had much in common with him. And he had an unchangeable resolution never to give any human being the right to say that he had gratified his own ambitie ... and secured his own interests, by his daughter's alliance,

Why should you persist in remaining doof from us?" Guilderoy had said to him that same morning; and Vernon re-

"Why should I renew acquaintance with the great world when it and I have been strangers so long? My life must seem to you like that of a snail or a molluse, fastened under a cabbage-leaf or a Can you say as much for yours?" Guilderoy was at a loss what to answer.

"You are the only contented person I have ever met," he said evasively. "I am content because I bave done with expectation," replied Vernon. "What is discontent? Only desires which are incapable of fulfillment. I quite understand riage is a difficult thing. But, as law long feathers drooping to her shoulder; that the whole tenor of modern life inevitably produces it; that is why I live chiefly

with the dead.' "A waste of your great intelligence, and a deprivation to those who appreciate your society," said Guilderoy

"My dear Evelyn," said Vernon, "I am not vain enough to believe in your flattery. Whatever my intelligence may be really care for my society they can come to Christslea-as you come.

Guilderoy colored a little. He was senhe had great affection and admiration for John Vernon. "It is a very great pity that he remains

such a recluse," he said once to Aubrey, who replied: "You think my life distressingly wasted Vernon was silent for some moments; on the country. You think Vernon's dishe understood all the conflicting impulses | tressingly wasted on solitude. He and I

"Probably we are all three extremely

"That may very well be. Possibly, too, all life is more or less wasted, because "Other women have done that," he said, | men, with all their studies, have never at last, and have repented it all their lives | studied the secret of truly enjoying it. Possibly, too, Vernon in his hermitage is

nearer doing so than either you or I." But though he had never gone thither those of the guests of Ladysrood who had learning enough to appreciate it often sought his society, and the little cottage under the apple orchards had become a sort of intellectual Delphos to those men of genius and learning who were numbered amongst Guilderoy's friends It was no one of these now, but Hilda Sanbury, who lifted the latch of the little wooden gate and came under the wild

rose boughs to him. Having begun by hating him as an adventurer and an eccentric solitary, she had ended in admiring and esteeming him. "The only really sensible man I | tion.

ever met," she often averred. Vernon, on his part, liked her; he appreciated her strong attachments and her power of silence. She had now driven of her son, of politics, and of the weather,

"Mr. Vernon, you and I have one commy brother and your daughter." "Certainly, my dear lady," replied Vernon; "but if you mean that either you or I can do anything except wishing for it, you are greatly mistaken. I have told you so very often.'

"A word in season surely--" "Ah, no! It is just those words which lea with offense. It seemed such a little while ago that | its delicacy if we put it under the micro- | are always wholly | sider that it should be told, and I am the | thing observed "Did that include the frame?"

scope too often whether you be living or you have some bad news for me. Spare "I ought not to tell you at all. But you

> She gave him the outlines of the Duchess Soria's past, so far as it had been connect- | she was sincerely ignorant of the curiosity, ed with her brother; and Vernon heard

"It was broken off before his marriage, no doubt," he said. "Why rake amongst

"Because leaves grow again." "That Evelyn is more in love with this woman than he ever was before, and that his wife. Like many another woman she comes to Ladysrood to-morrow. Now

Vernon heard with infinite pain. "I knew how it would be," he murmured. "But I confess it is sooner than I even thought. My child is worth more than that. Perhaps you mistake!" "I never mistake," - she replied, with hauteur; "and if I sacrifice the reputation

regard for your daughter." "What do you want me to do?" "Whatever you deem best. She must certainly not be left to remain in ignorance, to receive Beatrice Soria--'

Vernon sighed.

of my brother to you, it is out of sincere

"Dear madam, it is only ignorance-unless most wondrous and perfect patiencewhich enables any woman to endure her married life at all. "You mean, then, you would leave her

in ignorance?" 'Yes. What good could knowledge of it be as you think?"

"Good heavens! Surely there is such a thing as self-respect?" "Yes; my child will always have selfrespect, for she will never I am con- her own experience, that rebuke, re-

others. Self-respect does not consist in making violent scenes, or ill-judged reproaches, or discoveries which are forever | to remember anything of what she knew. | your own roof while I could save you fatal to peace." "You take the insult to your daughter

strangely quietly.' "I have known the world in my time, my dear madam, and I read your brother's | could not pardon her for having gained | you on your guard. If you tell him you character before he had been ten minutes in my study; it is not a character stancy. I thought, however, that he was | her sister-in-law was unhappy, and that | from the world's condemnation.'

18 not one. "Not a gentleman!" Lady Sunbury flushed crimson, and rose in bitter anger.

"Not if what you tell me is true." "I did not tell you that he might be abused, but argued with; and that your daughter might be warned and coun-

John Vernon sighed wearily. "Dear Lady Sunbury, you and I both spent all our intelligence in warnings and in counsels before this marriage took place. Action, now that it has taken place, would be worse than useless.'

'My intentions are misunderstood,' said his old visitor coldly. "All my inclinations would, of course, lie toward screening and excusing my brother. But I thank God that I have never allowed nere inclination to be the guide of my conduct. I believe in duty, though me feel that I could not allow my sister- tress of a great house, which had now be- vou might find it hard work to persuade in-law ignorantly to receive her most for- come second nature to her, but which | Lord Guilderov that you do so. Mme.

"I thank you for your feeling for | with its tedium. Gladys," said Vernon, with emotion, "but | Society, like all other pursuits of life, | consult my father." neither you nor I should do any good in requires to have an object in it to be in- lifting the band off her eyes; it will fall teresting. She had no object; it did not to keep the role of Griseldis," said Lady well that the voter should be screened. The soon enough of itself. Besides-pardon | seem to her that anything of interest could | Sunbury with ill-repressed rage and vio- law distranchising for buying votes, in my ings have revived for this lady. He can- it, and a jealousy for which she contemned

not have told you, I presume "" the Duchess Soria.

with one hand. The calm sweet light and | they were indifferent to her, that they ribbon weed. But it is a contented one. the gay song of the mavises in the adja- bored her, that she would have preferred cent orchard hurt him. "It is very sad, if true," he said at last.

"But interference were worse than useless. It would only confirm your brother in his infidelity, and inspire in my daugh- to be amused by what so greatly amused ter a resentment which she could never every one else, and failing entirely to do rogation, every indignity which it is most frightful for either a proud or a delicate | side. nature to provoke. What then remains? undisturbed as long as we can. I know that you believe in the advantages of interference. I do not. When we are sure worth I can put on paper, and if any to do any possible good by it, it is a dangerous meddling with fates not our own. When we cannot even be sure of so much as that, we certainly cannot dare to atmy daughter's hand was, as you know, most unwelcome to me, because I knew that he had not the stability, nor she the experience, to make happiness between them possible; but since, unhappily, she is his wife, she shall not, I promise, whilst I live, allow either passion or injury to fling his name to the howling calumnies and cruelties of the world; not whilst I

There was a great sadness in the three last words, and he sighed as he said them. "When I am gone, be kind to her,'

"Where are you going?" "Where we must all go." Hilda Sunbury looked at him in sur-

prise and wonder. the full vigorand flower of your intellect." John Vernon smiled.

"Of my intellect, perhaps; but unhappily, living is a physical question, and when the body succumbs the light of the mind goes out too. I have always thought it the greatest argument for the immortality of the soul; for it is really ridiculous to suppose that the hemlock could really lestroy such a mind as Socrates, or that | ing. the genius which created Arid and Caliban can have been killed forever because Warwickshire leeches in the Elizabethan days were fools. Plato, indeed-"

"Socrates and Plato! Good heavens, Mr. Vernon, how can you possibly think of such people when I have just told you, strong common sense which yet so denied | at the greatest pain to myself, and perhaps even disloyalty to my brother, of what earshot, though the music of the waltz wrong is being done to your only child." "My dear madam," said Vernon wear-

Lady Sunbury rose in evident irrita-

ily, "if my child ultimately succeeds in women, have been lost. To feel that it is another purpose. When she had spoken keeping the honor of your brother's name Sunbury. intact, and bearing her own pain and dishonor in silence, she will owe it to that which I have told her in childhood of time was in it. "It is no ill of him you those two dear dead friends of mine. Per- | want to say, is it?" haps you have never read the Apology or Crito? Horace has said that a new amphora keeps long the odor of the first him to tell you something which must be wine poured in it; and as it is with the told you. But he refused." earthen vase, so it is with the human mind in youth." Lady Sunbury left the garden of Christs-

useless to look for practical wisdom from the students of books.

She had been born with an ungovern ble love of interference with the affairs of others. She believed so conscientiously in the excellence of her intentions, that love of authority, and many another personal motive, which were continually moving her to interfere, to govern the destinies and correct the errors of others. Her detestation of the Duchess Soria had been to the full as potent in her present action as her anger with Guilderov and her indignation for the wrongs of of energy and exclusive attachments, what I wish to know is, shall you or I tell she could not resist the feeling your daughter?" that she had been appointed by Providence to watch over and save from themselves all those who belonged to her; and though this view of her mission had never yet had any other result than to alienate and weary those whom she desired to serve, and frequently to hasten their descent down that path which she sought to | first time. prevent them from ever following, vet she never could so alter her nature as to refrain from making the attempt. Her husband hated, her sons feared, and her brother often avoided her in consequence, but no power on earth would ever have them arose from her own fault. Alas! | and his." most people carry about with them a lanthorn like Diogenes, but they are fqrever flashing its rays into the faces and the souls of others; they do not remember to | this?" she inquired. turn its light inward. Lady Sunbury indeed knew-no one

better-that a woman can no more re- of duty. strain a man from inconstancy than she can restrain the breakers of the sea from and she began to walk on under the rolling up on the shore. She knew, too, by sionately protest. But she did not choose rather impatient of her and critical of her | quickened steps. than compassionate. If she were not a simpleton she was wicked-quite wicked | Soria?" she asked abruptly. -not to take such measures as would and herself from sorrow.

that "fools rush in where angels fear to fluenced my brother. You must be aware tread," or e se never imagined that by fools, drove rapidly home to Ladysrood, | course I do not know whether that is his where a large party was staying as well as | fault or yours." herself. "It will be very difficult to see

know the world of our day ridicules and | thing that was wished for or imagined. | posure, though her lips were very pale. despises me, and my senso of duty made | Gladys was performing the part of mis-

me-vou cannot tell that Guilderoy's feel- possibly arise in her life. She had pain in lence. berself, but these had both become so have always taken means to be aware of expect ever to be free from them. Her house who should be grateful to me. my brother's actions, and I know that all | want of interest in what went on around | relations are renewed between him and | her gave her a listless air, which all her | away from her sister-in-law, out of the | be punished it is should be found that he had really sincere efforts to be kind and cour- beech alley, and toward the dancers in the sworn talsely, in order to get revenge on the Vernon covered his eyes from the sun | teous could not repair. People felt that | sunlight on the lawn. their absence to their presence, and there were many whose vanity made them bitterly resent this. She was moving now from one group to another, doing her best forget. Dear madam, believe me, mar- so. She wore a Gainsborough hat, with stands, we cannot undo one once con- she had on a white frock of very soft em. pied the farm. The eldest of the children was tracted without publicity, comment, inter- | broidered gauze tissue, and a great sash of | a desperate boy named Charley. The others broad pale-blue ribbon was fastened at the

"She is really a lovely creature," Only to leave such peace as there is in it | thought her sister-in-law. "How wild he would be about her were she only some

one else's wife!" Lady Sunbury joined the groups under the chestnuts and bided her time. It was still early. There was a great deal of laughter and flirtation and general diversion, the air was balmy, and the gardens covered with blood with which the terrible sible he came but seldom there. And yet tempt anything. Your brother's wish for delightful. Some one asked if they might crime had been committed. Near the doordance, the lawn was so smooth. The lady of Ladysrood assented; the musicians, who were always in the bouse, were sent for and stationed where they were not seen, behind thickets of rhododendron; the people began to dance. Gladys and Lady Sunbury were left almost alone.

"How strange that they can care for that!" said the former, with dreamy contempt, as she watched the valsers moving

"How I wish you cared for it, my dear!" said Lady Sunbury. "How I wish von cared for anything! "Do you?" Gladys looked suddenly at her with a strange expression in her

"Why should you speak so?" You are | "Certainly I do," said her sister-in-law. as likely to live as she or I. You are in You would be so much happier if you were-were-interested in what goes or around you." "I am very often interested; I am not

often pleased. "What does she mean?" thought Lady "I wanted to say something to you for a moment in private. Could we go a little

apart, do you think? They are all danc-

"Oh, yes; they will not miss me." She moved away from the gayety of the scene into a walk known as the King's Alley, because Charles Stuart had paced up and down it in the dark days between Oxford and Whitehall. It was a green walk inclosed on either side with tall walls of clipped yew, above which stretched and met the boughs of massive

down it. "You care for your father?" said Lady

"Ah!" It was an ejaculation rather than a word, but the whole love of a life-"Oh no," said her sister-in-law. "I

went to see him this afternoon. I wanted

"Be sure that it should not be told at all, then," said Gladys coldly. "Mr. Vernon is not infallible," replied Hilda Sunbury, growing angered. "I conbest judge of what is or is not for the honor | THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR of my family. I do not wish you to re-

Gladys stood still and looked at her. "Why?" she asked. "Because because my brother was her

marriage. "My dear Lady Sunbury," said her brother's wife very calmly, "it I am to decline to know all the women your brother honored in that manner, I shall have to make great incisions in my visiting list." "Good heavens! Can you make a jest

"No; God knows that is farthest from my thoughts. But the world would make a jest of him if I acted on your advice." "Do you mean to say that you were aware of what his relations were with Beatrice Soria? and what they have again

Gladys grew very pale. "I knew there was something-someone-it does not matter who-it is not the

Her voice was faint with pain, but her face was calm. "Are you sure that it is Mine. Soria?"

she asked, after a moment's pause. "Perfectly sure. You cannot let her come here; you must make Evelyn underpersuaded her that her failure to influence | stand that, I speak as I do for your honor

"Or for our estrangement," thought Gladys bitterly. "My father said I was not to be told "Yes. He said it could do no good. He

did not appreciate my motives-my sense "Neither do I," said Gladys abruptiv

beechen shadows. "I am sorry that you do not," said Lady winced, do anything to lose the respect of proach, expostulation, publicity, only in- Sunbury sternly. "You are nothing to crease the evils against which they pas- me, and my brother is much. But I could not see a wrong done to you under She was only ready to blame her brother's | from it by a word of warning. It was usewife for too passive acquiescence, as she less to speak to Guilderoy: he is selfwould have blamed her had she had re- | willed, careless, obdurate, where his fancourse to any violent indignation. She | dies are involved. I deemed it best to put no influence over Guilderov, even as she refuse to receive the Duchess Soria he will would never have forgiven her had she be compelled to acquiesce, and he will not

was a gentleman; if he is as insincere | such unhappiness was at her age perilous | Gladys said nothing in answer. She and as unscrupulous as you describe he | in every kind of way; but yet she was | continued to pace the alley with agitated,

> "Have you a personal dislike to Mme. "That is a very unworthy insinuation," save her husband from unfaithfulness | replied her sister-in-law with hauteur. "This much I will say of her-she is the And she, who had forgotten the saying | only woman on earth who ever really inthat you yourself have no more influence any possibility she could be classed with over him than if you were a statue. Of

Each one of the words went to the heart ber alone," she thought, "but I will try." of the hearer as if it had been a stab with As it chanced, Guilderoy was out riding | a knife. Had it been her fault? Her with several of his friends; the remainder | father had also seemed to think so. Her | a number of plans to avoid fraudulent voting. of the guests were sitting, sauntering or sister-in-law evidently thought so. What playing afternoon games in the west did women do to retain the passion and gardens. There was a large table spread | elicit the confidence of men? She could under one of the great chestnuts, where | not tell. Who could put in her possession servants were serving tea, ices, fruits, of the secret of that marvelous talisman? wines, strawberries and cream-every- She turned to her companion with com-"I have no doubt you mean well, though

never ceased to oppress and fatigue her | Soria does not come for three days. In the morning I will go to Christslea and

Gladys' face flushed painfully "If I do keep it," she said with bitter-"He has not told me, certainly. But'I | familiar by habit that she had ceased to | ness, "it is certainly the members of your

(Continued next work.)

A SON'S TERRIBLE CRIME. He Brutally Murders His Aged Mother and

Twelve-Year-Old Sister. MUSCOGEE, I. T., Dec. 25,-A terrible double murder occurred Sunday night on Rogers' farm, five miles west of here. A widow named Sarah Johnson and her family of four children occuwere a girl of twelve, a boy of ten and a baby of three years. The ten-year-old boy was visiting and when he returned home vesterday found his twelve-year-old sister lying dead on the steps. Terrified at the sight, he hastened to a neighbor's house and gave the news. A erowd was quickly assembled, and hastening to the widow's a heart-rending sight met their gaze. Not more than twenty steps from the door lay the widowed mother, her head beaten into a jelly. By her side lay a huge oak club step, on the opposite side of the cabin, was the mangled remains of the twelve-year-old daughter. The three-year-old baby was still in the house alive. The eldest son has not been seen since the night of the crime, and he is known to have had frequent quarrels with his mother. It is supposed that he was the perpetrator of

the horrible crime or at least an accomplice. A TOWN IN FLAMES.

Marblehead, Mass., Burning Up-The People Panic-Stricken. MARBLEHEAD, Mass., Dec. 25.-Marblehead be interrupted at any moment.

east 8500,000.

Nearly the same territory was burned over | after the voter deposited his ticket he was paid about twelve years ago. The fire started in nearly the same place. Many of to-night's victims were also sufferers by the former fire. The shoe business, which has been quiet for several months past, was just starting up and many operatives will now be thrown out of work the entire winter. The fire is still burning. It is impossible to get definite losses owing to the great excitement prevailing among

Convenient to Have on Hand,

Dakota Lady (about to give a grand ball)-Well, thank goodness, John, my list of invitabeeches. It was sequestered and out of Dakota Husband-"Have you included young Sawbones? He's a likely fellow, and we ought came to them on the air as they paced to pay him some attention, being a new-comer." Dakota Lady-"Why, no, he has escaped me

entirely. I'm glad you mentioned him, John;

he seems to be a desirable parti in every way,

and, besides, we shall probably need a surgeon

An Innuendo. [Time.]

before morning."

Selinda Anthus is a charming young lady, but when she gets telling about articles of personal adornment she slips slightly over the palings that separate strict truth from easy fiction.

A friend asked her the other day, what price she paid for the very pretty hat she wore, and she replied, "Seventy-five dollars," and then got very much provoked because the horrid

HOW TO STOP BRIBERY AT ELECTIONS

friend-more than her friend-before his public Opinion as Expressed in Letters to "The Sentinel" and by Representative Indiana Newspapers-A Great Variety of Suggestions.

> TO THE EDITOR-Sir: In the discussion in THE SENTINEL in reference to a new election law there is one point we have not seen mentioned. It is this: Shall there be any handwriting on the ticket, or shall all scratching be done by means of printed pasters? I decidedly favor the pasters.

> The election board would recognize the penmanship of a large part of the voters, and a peculiar flourish of a name or two would enable the floater's "goods" to be casily identified. Local candidates often write their names on pasters in such a way as to find out through board if that ticket was voted, and the writer found out how two doubtiu! persons voted on Nov. 6 by the ink showing distinctly through the ticket. Of course under the new law no one but the board will see the tickets voted, yet swear them to secreey as you will and a nod or look from them atterward would betray what they sould not help finding out. These objections would apply with almost equal force to the plan of printing all the names of the candidates on one ticket and marking those voted for. Besides, by this method, with the multiplicity of candidates presented to the people now-a-days, fully one third the voters would need assistance in fixing their ticket, and of the 275 republicans of this township, there is but one the democrate would trust with this business, and he is talk-

> ing of moving away. We should like to see the following principies embodied into law:

Voting made compulsory. Strict registration required. The crowd kept back hity feet from the

polls and a screen in front of them, as pro-posed by "W. W." of Indianapolis. 4. All the tickets exactly similar except names, being either printed or serutinized by legal officials: a small screen on the back of the table of just sufficient size to let the board see that only one ticket is taken by each voter and none others misplaced, but not to

see what kind of a ticket is taken. 5. The candidates named on each ticket to from which any woman can expect con- succeeded in gaining any. She knew that ask your reasons, and he will be saved be numbered—the pasters to be numbered 6. Nothing but printed newspapers to be

used, and in presidential elections, no elector to be serstched 7. Each ticket to be inclosed by a rubber or envelope 8. Any specially marked ticket to be thrown.

disfranchised for that election 9. Every person convicted of vote-buying to be fined \$500, the person bought to receive Monrovia, Ind., Dec. 20,

ont, and anyone indicating how he votes to be

ANOTHER PLAN.

A Strict Registry Law and a Heavy Penalty For Bribery. TO THE EDITOR-Sir: As I have been reading with a great deal of interest in your paper and knowing what has taken place here, I thought I would suggest a plan. In the first place, there should a registry law, and when a man registers he should be furnished with an envelope with his number stamped on it, and required to take that envelope to the polls, put his ballot in st and seal it up and vote it, The person taking the envelope shall call the name and number of the person voting. If his name and number cannot be found on the register book the vote is not to be counted. There should not be more than 250 voters in a precinct. The plan to allow no one within 100 opinion, will amount to nothing. The penalty should be \$1,000 fine, one year in the penitentiary. If the party buying should be able to pay the fine, he should remain in prison until it is paid, allowing him at the rate of \$1.50 Then she walked with quick, firm step | clear. Make also a provision for the seller to person he causes to be fined and imprisoned for buying of votes. There might be also a clause

to pay to the informer \$50 on conviction, From the following specimen of a section of a page in the registry book, you will see at a glance it will be easy to find a man's name, as

a will only be necessary to run'over ten names: 0-10. William Farner. George Markes, David Young. Auron Fisher Pentuel Starkes. Frank Soaly. Michael Tuey. John Noris. Abraham Johnson Fred Cohner, Seth Thomas Windeld Richards. Robert Tiner. John Holden. Nelson Gordon Peter Dearing.

Allen Jones. Tom Parker. Each polling place to be furnished with the names registered There must be something done in regard to our election laws. If there is not, our elections will only be a matter of dollars between the parties. I say down with monopoly and unneccessary taxes. By all means keep it before

the people that Dudley must suffer for his

Crawfordsville, Dec. 18. A SECRET BALLOT

Only One Method by Which Bribery Can Be Suppressed. TO THE EDITOR-Sir: A secret ballot is the surest and simplest system for getting record is on fire, for the second time in her history. | of bribery, which was practiced so extensively The entire business portion is in ruins. It is at the late election by W. W. Duulsy's "trusted the largest fire that ever visited this place, and | men." The man who buys votes always keeps the people are panic-stricken. This dispatch is sent with great difficulty over a hastily improvised wire, and communication is liable to deposited in the ballot-box. Col. Dudley was most emphatic upon this point in his famous The fire started about 10 p. m., in the base-ment of D. B. Powers' furniture store on Pleasant-st, and is said to have been cause by the evplosion of a can of benzine. At mid- that none get away and that all vote our night it is estimated that seven acres have been | ticket." It is plainly to be seen that one man burned over and that the entire loss will be at | had all he could do to guide five men to the polis sately without any getting away, and

> for his trouble. In New York Civt it has for years been the custom of the briber to require the "floater" to go to the polls with the folded tickets which and been given him and then to hold it erect in the air so that it can be seen until the vote is deposited in the box. From all over the New England states the same practice is reported. The briber in Indiana never allows the floates to get out of eight until he gets the ballot deposited, and occasionally he walks along to the box and sees that no one else gives him g ticket. The "bull fence" in some parts of Indi ana is an evidence of this. It is a high chuts which leads to the polls and from the polls. The idea is to give men a chance to change their ballots on the way to the polls without getting earight at it, as any one party can bus a few of the other party's voters and start them into the chute, where they may change their ballot and hand it to the election officers without any one seeing the change. It the act of voting was performed in secret, no bribed voter could or would be trusted to carry out his bargain. This has been shown in England and, in fact, wherever the secret ballot has been put in force. It is the unanimous testimony of all English authorities that it is the secrecy provision rather than the rigorous provisions of the law against bribery of all kinds which has practically suppressed bribery. Before this law oribery was far more prevalent there than it is

in America. The prospects are encouraging for this re form movement all over the United States. Let all democrats unite in and squelch monopoly Quayism, boodleism and Dudleyism. First